

CAUTION.

Imitations have been put upon the market so closely resembling ALCOCK'S PAIN EXPELLER in general appearance as to be well calculated to deceive. It is, however, in general appearance only that they resemble ALCOCK'S, for they are worse than worthless, inasmuch as they contain deleterious ingredients which are apt to cause serious injury. Remember that ALCOCK'S is the only genuine PAIN EXPELLER—the best external remedy ever produced, and when purchasing plaster do not only ask for but see that you get ALCOCK'S PAIN EXPELLERS.

"I saw a man laughing at a joke of mine in a comic paper last week," said Hicks.

"How did you know it was your joke he laughed at?"

"How did I know? Why, because mine was the only good joke in the whole darned sheet; that's how!"—Puck.

A Valuable Pointer.

Young Man—A friend in the south has sent me a quantity of very fine liquor, but writes that it is too new to drink yet. How long do you think it ought to be kept?

Old Man—Keep it until you are rich enough to live without work.—Good News.

For that "out of sorts" feeling
Take Brown's Kidney Pills
One trial will tell.

Mr. Howell (of the firm of Gettup & Howell)—Are the bank statements more favorable to-day, Mr. Addemup? Bookkeeper—Why—no—not exactly. Here's one to the effect that you've overdrawn your account at the Fourteenth national.—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted Energy.

Ethel—Emma's awfully put out. Elaine—What's the matter?

Ethel—Why she went to the trouble of making a fearful fuss over a little mouse and came to find out there wasn't a man near to look at her.—Chicago Record.

Cathart after destroys the sense of smell. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying the blood.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

A Touching Incident in the Last Moments of the Famous General.

Then came the death wound, and after nearly a week's unavoidable detention Mrs. Jackson reached her husband's deathbed, writes Mrs. Jefferson Davis in an interesting sketch with portrait of "The Widow of Stonewall Jackson" in the Ladies' Home Journal. Spent with the anguish of his wounds he lay dying, too near the silence of the grave to do more than murmur to his wife: "Speak louder, I want to hear all you say," and feebly to caress his baby with a whisper: "My sweet one, my treasure," while the innocent smiled in his dying face.

Then was the heart-broken wife and mother given strength to minister to both these objects of her love. From her firm lips the dying hero learned that the gates of Heaven were ajar for his entrance. Controlling her bitter grief she sang for him the sacred songs on which his fainting spirit soared upward to its rest. When all was over, and she had followed him to his grave, she again sought her father's roof, and there hid her bowed head among her own people, to live only for her baby. In strict retirement the young widow husbanded her means until her daughter was grown a pretty, graceful young woman, and then, to promote her child's happiness, the mother emerged from the privacy in which she had lived since her husband's death, and visited both the southern and northern states. In the course of time her daughter became engaged to a young Virginian, Mr. Christian, of Richmond, and a few months later was married to him.

Shortly after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Christian removed to California, whither Mrs. Jackson accompanied them. They returned a short time later to Charlotte, N. C., where they took a house and lived together. Now, however, the widow's next trial was imminent. Mrs. Christian was attacked by a prostrating fever and succumbed, after bearing her illness with great fortitude.

Electricity in Spain.

Spaniards, although slow in the adoption of many improvements, are decidedly not so in regard to electric lighting. A large number of the principal towns, as well as many very small ones, have installations of their own. The latest venture is on the part of the owner of some water power near the two very limited towns Elsalbar and Elbar, in the Spanish province of Vizcaya. These towns will shortly be supplied with electric current for both lighting and power purposes. The necessary working power will be furnished by the water of the River Dora.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, a refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

THE JAGS OF KING UMTASSA.

A South African Chief Who is Always Either Drunk or Drunk.

I have just profited by a holiday, says a writer in South Africa, to pay a visit to Chief Umtassa, or rather King Umtassa, as the official dispatches call him. The country belongs to him, and the chartered company gives him a yearly present of one hundred dollars, and this one hundred-dollar present was just due. It is almost impossible to get a glimpse of Umtassa, partly because he is such a very important person—in his own eyes—but chiefly because his life has only three phases—going to drink, drinking, and being very drunk indeed.

We were shown into a "reception hut," into which we crawled almost upon our hands and knees, and we seated ourselves on mats, prepared to wait an indefinite time—for the "chief" of a native chief, like that of a smart dentist, is to keep one waiting as long as possible. After about half an hour we began to clamor, and then we were called in. Umtassa, who carried the kraal—a proceeding which the natives greatly objected to—and before we had gone for an induna came to say that Umtassa was coming and had sent a present of Kaffir beer. So we scrambled back and sat outside the stuffy hut and waited.

At last a sort of procession came winding down among the rocks, some of the natives wearing a snuff box and a cat's paw, others draped in a blanket a la Julius Caesar, but none of them carrying any sort of weapon, with the exception of a knife. Umtassa, who carried a knobkerrie and his battle ax. After this usher of the Black Rod came Umtassa draped in blue and white toga, with a blue and white cap on his head.

Much to our surprise he turned out to be a very imposing-looking personage. In spite of his excessive dirt he decidedly possessed what is called grand air, which I take to be produced by a complete satisfaction of one's surroundings and not a little contempt for the rest of the world. Well, our friend Umtassa gave each of us a very grimy hand shake, and really one might have planted a mallee field under each of his nails. He then sat down on his mat, with all his people grouped around him, and his induna told our interpreter that he might speak. Thereupon a good deal of business was transacted.

A LUCKY SHOT.

Battle with a Fierce Panther in the Woods of India.

A remarkable exhibition of "nerve," in shooting was given by Col. Nightingale, a famous sportsman of India. He had got a running shot at a tiger from the back of his elephant, hitting him in the shoulder. The beast rushed away and made for some bushes one hundred and fifty yards off, whence a man emerged. The tiger rushed at him and struck him down. Tiger and man were in a confused heap on the ground. At the risk of hitting the man, the colonel fired, and heard the bullet strike a bone.

The tiger, with a roar, rolled off the man, and plunged into a ravine. The colonel's conical bullet had carried off the lower jaw and fangs of the brute. No other shot would have saved the man, but without a jaw the tiger could not seize him. The man, who was deaf and moving about the jungle, had only been scratched by the tiger's claws.

The tiger was sought. He was waiting to be found, for as soon as he saw the elephant on the edge of the ravine he charged furiously. A ball through his neck rolled him over and down the ravine. The elephant was pushed forward, and up the slope the furious tiger rushed. A ball in the chest killed him.

The Beginning of the Year.

The countries and nations of the world, with a few exceptions, begin the year with January 1, but that this system is arbitrary and based upon nothing in particular does not even need to be proved. The ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phoenicians and Carthaginians each began their year with the autumnal equinox or about September 22. Among the Greeks the beginning of the year was at the time of the winter solstice down to 432 B. C., when the "Mention cycle" was introduced, after which the new year began on June 23. In England from the time of the fourteenth century until 1752 the legal and ecclesiastical year began on March 25.

A Pleasant Cure.

"I tell you," said Rattlesnake Pete, "snake bite's a terrible thing. For instance, I've just heard of the death of a pal of mine who was bit by a snake over a year ago." "Oh, come now," said one of his hearers, "you don't mean to say that it took a year for a snake bite to kill a man." "Just you hold your horses an' I'll tell ye how it was. Wen the feller got bit, he took plenty of whisky, the remedy in such cases made and provided. An' in course it cured him. But the cure was so pleasant that he kep' on takin' it, until he had died of tremens. You jest believe me, a snake bite's a bad thing. No matter what you do it's apt to git in with it."

Queer Dueling Weapons.

In 1857 a curious duel was fought in Paris, when two rivals met at the house of their divinity. After a few high words an immediate encounter was decided upon, and neither swords nor pistols being at hand two ornamental crossbows were taken from the walls of the drawing-room. An adjournment into the garden was made, and in a few minutes one of the lovers was pierced in the arm by his opponent's shaft. In 1891 a still more singular duel was fought, the weapons in this case being umbrellas. After a furious struggle, one of the combatants fell, run through the eye, and soon afterward died.

A Forward Cat.

Little Ethel—I don't like the way my Kitty acts. She jumps up into everybody's lap an' purrs just as she does with me.

Mother—You shouldn't want her to be ugly to strangers, would you? Little Ethel—No, but she needn't be quite so "flectionate" before she's introduced, anyhow.—Good News.

—Branding and cropping the ears and nose were common punishments in England until the beginning of the last century.

INDIAN CRUELTY.

A Curious Story of Jealousy and Barbarity.

The Horrible Manner in Which a Squaw Revenged Herself Upon a White Woman Whom Her Chief Admired.

There is living in Oklahoma, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, a woman whose perfectly bald head tells a curious story of jealousy and Indian cruelty. In 1859 Oswald Thurdwald, a Swedish farmer, had a home in the territory close to the Texas border, and his family consisted of his wife, two daughters and a son. The Indians seemed friendly, passing over the Thurdwalds even when saying the other settlers about and frequenting their place to sell their wares and to purchase such goods as Thurdwald brought out from the states for barter. He was rapidly growing rich and had made his preparations to move to Dallas, where he intended to extend his business, when the tragedy occurred that destroyed his home and scattered his family.

It seems that the chief of the Ponkwa Indians, who visited that part of the country from the south on raiding expeditions, had seen Elsa, the elder daughter, and, fancying her, offered to buy her of her father. But Thurdwald, though fond of money, refused, which gave great offense to the chief. Returning home he incited his people against the Thurdwalds, and the following spring they made an attack on him. He and his son succeeded in escaping, but the wife and younger daughter, though they eluded capture the first few days, were overtaken finally. Mrs. Thurdwald sank under the fatigue of her hasty flight through a rugged country and when the Indians came up with them it was to find the girl holding her mother in her arms, the poor woman having just expired.

The next day the girl herself, lagging on the march from an arrow wound in her ankle, was shot in the presence of her sister, who had been seized and held from the moment of the attack till now. She was taken to a village and given into the charge of the squaws until the men should have returned from the war trail.

In the meantime the Kickapoo declared war on the Tonkawas and raided the village, when Elsa Thurdwald was carried off with such of the Indian women as were spared as slaves. The Tonkawas returning found the smoking remains of the houses and started after the despoilers, overtaking them close to the Colorado, where an obstinate battle ensued, but both sides then consented to a truce. The chief of the Kickapoo, however, stipulated that the white woman should be given to him. This was opposed by the Tonkawa chieftain, who claimed her by right of priority. This brought on a quarrel, which was terminated by a hand-to-hand fight between the rivals, which resulted in the chief of the Tonkawas being killed and the bone of contention falling to the victor.

He carried her home and confided her to the care of his squaw, with the injunction that if she were injured in any way the life of the woman would pay for it. But fired by jealousy for her successor the woman took advantage of her lord's absence to wreak her vengeance on the detested object. Binding her to a tree she deliberately pulled out the unfortunate beauty's hair thread by thread. This torture lasted several hours until the white woman's head was covered with blood and she shrieking with agony.

When the chief returned and learned what had occurred he ordered the torch burned at the stake. She escaped into the bush, but was recovered and the sentence executed. Thurdwald had now died, but his son hearing of his sister being in the hands of the Indians organized a rescue party and succeeded in liberating her, after eighteen months of captivity. Her head took weeks to heal, and it is thought her mind was affected by her savage treatment, though in 1875 she married a farmer in the vicinity. Her hair has never grown again.

ON THE PACIFIC.

Loneliness of the Great Expanse Stretching Out from the Golden Gate.

I notice an item in the press stating that the City of Peking in her recent trip sailed twelve hundred and forty miles without meeting a single sail, writes a correspondent of the Washington Star, and this fact is cited as showing the loneliness of the Pacific ocean. In the summer of 1859 I left San Francisco on a sail vessel (formerly from Baltimore) for Panama, distance four thousand miles, and on the entire route, which lasted forty-three days, we never saw a sail! Loneliness is no word for it, especially when we lay becalmed in the tropics, with our vessel floating as helplessly about as a chip on a mill pond, the ground swell keeping up the monotonous roll of the vessel from side to side all day and night, and day after day, each roll being accompanied by a flap of the sails and a creaking of the rigging, that might have passed for the flap of the wings and the wail of lost spirits.

When we read about Noah and his ark we are apt to think that he must have had rather a lonely time, but then he was out only forty days, and besides, with all the animals, etc., on board, he had plenty to occupy his time and attention, and if he wanted amusement to while away the time he had only to start a sparring match between his monkeys and parrots. True, there is no report of any such proceedings on board, but it is doubtless because there was no modern newspaper reporter on board. I tell you a man cannot realize what loneliness or comfort is until he has made some such trip, and if he wants to complete his education in that line he should preface it with a tramp of two thousand miles over the mountains and across the deserts amid wolves and wild Indians, as thousands of forty-niners did.

No Use for Towels.

An Ethiopian in Abyssinia will tell you without a blush that he is necessarily washed at birth, cleans himself on his marriage morn and hopes to be washed after death; that once every year he dips himself in the river on the festival of St. John the Baptist, and regulating every morning he wets the end of his toga with the moisture from his mouth and freshens up his eyes. Whenever he feels his hide harsh and uncomfortable he anoints himself with nutton fat.

PIPE SMOKING POPULAR.

Americans Use the Briarwoods Because Englishmen Set the Pattern.

Pipe smoking is annually becoming more popular in the United States. In past times pipes were relegated to the alleged lower classes. Of late years, however, and particularly since the craze for everything "English," you know, "came in, pipe smoking has increased. It is now considered quite too fully swell, says the Cincinnati Times-Star, to drop from a tandem dog cart with the stem of a short briar root pipe tightly clinched between your teeth. It is a sort of finishing touch to your rough-and-ready fishing costume to have a stubby pipe in your mouth and gives one a delightful sense of easy, graceful, negligent well-being. Just as soon as the approval of society alighted upon the custom of pipe smoking pipes became much in demand and the cost of the same increased proportionately, especially for the strictly English shapes. It is amusing to see a fellow pretending to be a judge of a pipe. The fact is, that nearly all pipes smoke pretty much the same. The cheaper pipes smoke better than the more expensive ones as a general thing. For instance, a corn-cob pipe is one of the coolest, sweetest smokes you can get. Next comes the penny clay pipe. If you will smoke a clay pipe a few times and throw it away you will always be sure that you are enjoying pipe smoking of the most delightful character. The tendency of the average human is to buy an expensive pipe and then color it by blowing smoke against the moon. This practice renders the pipe ornamental, but as a general thing these highly colored pipes are very strong and it is anything but pleasant for persons averse to tobacco to be in the same room with a pipe smoker. The English smoke pipes because pipe smoking is cheaper than cigar smoking. Americans smoke pipes because the English smoke pipes. The only man who can properly understand a pipe is the plantation dandy who puts a live coal on top of a pipe filled with plug tobacco and puffs gently at "turrer end" of a reed stem while the purple night shadows gather around the cabin and the screech owl scarce itself and the neighborhood with its weird laughter.

A TRUE POKER STORY.

An Ex-Senator Who Made a High Bid on a Hobnob Flash.

This is a true poker story from the Albany Express. The incident happened not long ago on an Albany boat bound down from the capital to New York. The game was that in which the man with the most money had the best of it. That is, there was no limit and the players coming in were forced to lose unless they "called" a bet. In the party playing were an ex-senator, three assemblymen and a physician. The hand with which this story has to do saw all the players in. All drew cards, the ex-senator drawing one, and a certain assemblyman next to him taking three. The others drew also and the betting commenced. It progressed steadily until something like one hundred dollars was in the pot. Suddenly the ex-senator plunked two hundred dollars down on a raise. The big bet scared all but the certain assemblyman. He looked at his cards for a long time, studied the ex-senator's face, and nervously saw the two hundred dollars and raised it one hundred dollars. There was a forced smile on the face of the ex-senator. He quickly saw the one hundred dollars and raised it one hundred dollars. The assemblyman looked sick, but he put down one hundred dollars and feebly said: "I call." The show down revealed the fact that the ex-senator had a king high-bob flash, while the assemblyman held a pair of deuces. The ex-senator said something to himself and went to his stateroom. The rest of the party remained up all night and a goodly part of the nine hundred dollars over the pot was spent in rum bottles. It is said the ex-senator has never bluffed in a game since.

HIGH PRICES.

Times When Living Was Expensive in Montana.

A reporter for the Salt Lake Tribune reports a conversation with a man who kept a fruit stand in Helena in 1893. It was only a small stand in front of a store, but the rent of it was thirty dollars a month, and he was obliged to pay in advance. Much of his stock in trade was brought sixteen hundred miles by stage. It is not surprising, therefore, that fruit was dear in Helena.

Twenty-five cents would not go far in those days at a fruit stand. One man who was courting a young lady used to come to my place and buy four apples for five dollars and carry them to his sweetheart. I always picked out four of the best ones, wrapped them in tissue paper, and put them into a neat candy box. After awhile he got married and I sold him no more apples.

The first year's pineapples sold for seven dollars apiece. Oranges were two dollars and a half or three dollars each, and the men who are rich in Montana to-day did not buy but a hundred dollars' worth of fruit in Montana were sent to me, and cost me one dollar and thirty-five cents a pound. My first customer for them was a Chinese, who bought two pounds at one dollar and a half a pound.

Bookkeepers were then paid twelve dollars a day. A very ordinary wooden building rented for four hundred dollars a month. Newspapers sold for fifty cents each, and magazines for a dollar and a quarter.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.

President Cleveland must have had these facts in mind when he concluded it would be a good thing to send the senators back to their homes so that they might be before their eyes as a subject lesson in the result of what the president says is a financializing on the part of the government. There are no tramps in Washington and no great army of unemployed. The scenes of suffering and distress which are so graphically described in the newspapers as existing in other parts of the country have no counterpart in this federal city.

Likely to Win.

Jinks—Got a case in court, eh? Wilkes—Yes, and I'll win, too.

"Both law and justice on your side, I suppose?"

"Um! I don't know as to that, but I've got the highest-priced lawyers."—N. Y. Weekly.

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Old Bullion—What proof have you that you will make my daughter a good husband?

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A LOOK JUST AHEAD.

WILL OLD PARTIES GIVE WAY TO NEW ONES?

Carlisle as the Leader Three Years Hence. Growth of the Populist Party—The New Democracy—Where There Are No Parties and Little Distances.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 12.—[Special.]—Underneath the surface of this silver battle lies a very interesting stratum of politics and personal ambition, if some enterprising geologist could only reach it and lay its secrets bare to the public eye. The bill to repeal the federal elections laws has now passed the house and is more or less of a disturbing influence in the senate. As your correspondent has already pointed out in these dispatches, this bill was taken up in the house against the protest of President Cleveland. Secretary Carlisle was the president's immediate representative in endeavoring to suppress the elections bill, but he very quickly found that his influence with the speaker was antagonistic to the desires of Senator Gorman. Carlisle and Gorman had some warm words concerning the matter, and the result of it was that the senator from Maryland resented his influence over the speaker, whom he had helped to raise from the ranks, and the administration was defeated.

From the day that Gorman insisted upon bringing the elections bill forward in congress Secretary Carlisle has been more or less suspicious of the senator from Maryland. What lies back of all this is that both Gorman and Carlisle are candidates for the presidency in 1896 and are sparring for advantage even at this very early date. The friends of Mr. Carlisle have become convinced that he is the heir of the administration and that from Gorman's side can successfully weather there will be very little danger of the party refusing to accept Mr. Carlisle as the Democratic candidate three years hence.

Carlisle's Flank Movement.

It was at the suggestion of Secretary Carlisle that the bankers and business men of the city of Baltimore sent to Washington last week a large and impressive delegation to urge upon the Maryland senators unconditional repeal of the Sherman law. It is a remarkable fact that, while Senator Gorman is absolute leader of the Democratic party of Maryland, and while he and the president have been on friendly terms for some years, nevertheless there is no state in the country whose Democracy gives more enthusiastic allegiance to Mr. Cleveland than the state of Maryland. In Maryland and Baltimore Mr. Cleveland is fairly idolized by the Democracy, and but for this fact Senator Gorman would have permitted the use of his name in the Chicago convention of last year. He knew and told his friends that if he should come out as a candidate against Cleveland and fail, the Democracy of his state would sweep him of office and power at the first opportunity.

It was therefore comparatively an easy matter for the friends of Mr. Cleveland to raise a large delegation of important men to come to this city and demand unconditional repeal. The object of this crusade was undoubtedly to put the screws on Gorman and to force him to line with the administration. It was a shrewd move, coming as it did at the moment when Mr. Gorman was supposed to be scheming for a compromise measure and more or less undermining the plans of the repeal managers.

Afraid of the Populists.

Politicians here are looking forward with great interest to the result of the elections in Virginia. The belief is very general in Washington that the Populist party is to be much stronger in the future than it has been in the past, especially in the south and west. In Virginia and other southern states the Republican party is disappearing from the scene, and in its place the Populists. This is going on in Nebraska, in Texas, in Mississippi, Georgia and other states. The coming contest throughout the south is to be between the Democracy and the Populists. In Texas, for instance, Senator Mills will soon take the stump as the leader of the anti-Populist forces, and in doing so the administration and its financial policy will be in the foreground.

This new Democracy in Texas will absorb those elements of the Republican party which are in sympathy with the administration views, while an element of the Democratic party is expected to go over with the Populists. The result will be a battle between these newly formed parties promises to be very bitter, and instead of the old time majority of 200,000 the Democracy of that state will be lucky if they get any majority at all. The same process is likely to go on in other states. The best observers in Washington, noting these changing conditions in the south and west, and bearing in mind the manner in which the two old parties are split up on the currency and tariff questions, believe we are on the verge of a new alignment of political parties in this country. What the result is to be or which party is to suffer most in this change no one can foresee.

Prosperity of the Federal City.

The financial and commercial troubles which the country recently experienced were less felt perhaps in Washington than in any other city of the country. There was no failure of any importance in this town. While business was a little duller than usual and merchants reported collections slow, building operations and what little manufacturing there is in the capital continued as usual. The explanation of this is that Washington is not a manufacturing center, nor from trade of any sort, but almost entirely from the government, and though Uncle Sam has been more or less pressed for money himself, he is a dividend gold receiver and a reduced income from customs and internal revenue taxes, he has nevertheless managed to pay salaries to his 15,000 or 20,000 employees in the District of Columbia.

There is very little business of any sort in Washington that depends for its prosperity upon the prosperity of the remainder of the country, except as the government may be affected. A panic of 10 times the severity of that through which we have recently passed might sweep over the country, leaving wreck and ruin everywhere in its path, but Washington would go along almost as usual, so long as the government were able to meet its payroll.

President Cleveland must have had these facts in mind when he concluded it would be a good thing to send the senators back to their homes so that they might be before their eyes as a subject lesson in the result of what the president says is a financializing on the part of the government. There are no tramps in Washington and no great army of unemployed. The scenes of suffering and distress which are so graphically described in the newspapers as existing in other parts of the country have no counterpart in this federal city.

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PERSIAN BOOKBINDERS.

Oriental Workmen Who Have Great Skill in This Branch of Design.

An art which is carried to a high degree of excellence in the east, but which seems in some danger of decaying, is that of ornamental bookbinding. Some notion of the skill of oriental craftsmen in this branch of design may be gathered from specimens given in the latest issue of the Journal of Indian Art and Industry. The best of these specimens, says Col. Holbein Hendley, came from Ulwar, and are doubtless of Persian origin. Few approaches in goodness of design and in carefulness of execution the work of Carl Ahmed and his sons, who were for some years in the employ of the chief of Ulwar. The emblems have now succeeded to the sons, however, and in their hands the art is likely to become a mere trade. In India a man of real genius develops an art from some hints he receives from strangers, or, it may be, discovers it himself, but from jealousy or from fear of destroying his monopoly, teaches only the members of his own family, who may or may not share his skill, and thus in the course of a generation or two nothing remains but a shadow or parody of perhaps an exquisite production.

In the Ulwar bookbindings the ornament is somewhat after the old Grotto style, in which the colors are painted on the boards and are not inlaid. In most of the designs the pattern is produced by the use of brass blocks. The colors are then painted on with the brush. Sometimes the Ulwar artist makes the whole of the ground, and at others only part of it, so as to produce very different effects by the use of the same blocks. The effect is remarkably fine, and is comparable to the design work on some of the most beautiful productions of the most famous china manufacturers. The bindings are expensive, as they are all handmade, and a great deal of gold is used. A bargain may be made, however, with the present artists, who ask for as much as they can get. As their work is curious and valuable, they have, as a rule, very little difficulty in disposing of it. Numerous specimens have been made for the queen and other distinguished persons. They all show a more or less similarity to the best specimens of Persian workmanship, of which the binding of the Koran, purchased by Emperor Aurangzeb, and now in the royal library at Windsor, is a particularly interesting example.

THE CHAHUT DANCE IN PARIS.

A Terpsichorean Effort in Which the Skirts Play a Leading Part.

As danced in the Jardin de Paris the chahut is primarily nothing more than the old quadrille with this difference—instead of the usual decorous walking about the utmost liveliness is essential. And with respect to this great liveliness, the management of the skirts is all in all. Apart from this humorous exaggeration, in which the fancy of the performer mingles with certain stereotyped gags, and its real grace would commend it as a pretty dance to serious-minded people. But, according to the Philadelphia Press, it would have nothing to warrant its continued popularity as a spectacle and draw English and American tourists to its well known haunts. In the chahut the skirt performs for the lady's limbs even a greater office than that of a frame for a picture. All the willfulness, all the coquetry and half the grace and humor of the dance is bound up in the whirling petticoat. It gives a pretty occupation for the hands, and its nice adjustment affords a scope for the dancer's personality within the pauses. Dropped or raised or pulled to the side or held as when one makes courtesy, as may be, it lends, in the right moment, just that artistic balance for the eye and just that spur to the ideas which are necessary to check satiety and cut off all risk of tameness. What can be done with the skirts alone, without a scintilla of dancing ability, is left for Miss Lolo Fuller to demonstrate. What can be done with skirts well managed when they are used to grace so good a dance as the quadrille is something any lady may find out for herself.

The music of the chahut must be spirited; each advance and each retreat must be bold and vigorous, with something of a business-like air about it; there must be no softness, no coyness, no standing still and no mere walking round. The slight flapping of this species of crazy quadrille. It is loud, uproarious, indefatigable, and any steps that can be made to fit the music are not only permissible but desirable. High kicking is only incidental, and the grand ecart, which is a sliding down to the floor with one leg pointing north and the other pointing south, is a refinement which may easily be dispensed with.

What a Creole Is.

A creole, strictly speaking, is any person born in this country or the West Indies of European ancestors; also any person born in or near the tropics, and this is the sense in which the word is usually employed. The use of the word, however, has been by some restricted first to children of foreign parents born in Louisiana, and second, to children of Spanish or French parents born in Louisiana, and then to the north the word has been perverted so that it is believed to imply some strain of negro blood in a person to whom it is applied. It does not imply anything of the sort.

How Stones Are Valuable.

A diamond is not valuable simply because it is a diamond, but for its cutting and polishing. A diamond in the rough is much less valuable than after it is cut and polished. It is because a diamond is capable of a high polish and can be made to reflect light that it takes its place among the most valuable of precious stones. But a great deal is valuable from the time it is found, and so are many other precious gems.

What He Wanted.

Dealer—This ring for three dollars is plated, but it is warranted for five years.

Foxy Summers (off on his outing)—Haven't got one, have you, for fifty cents, warranted for, say, three weeks?—Puck.

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